



"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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REMINISCENCES

AN ARMY MULE.

Dissolving Views of the War Photographed From the Rear.

OFF FOR TRIGG COUNTY.

Jasmin and Barnard Meet by Chance, the Usual Way.

A NEW CHARACTER.

I Sustain a Most Humiliating Defeat.

BY JOHN McLEERY.
Author of "Andersonville," "A File of Infantrymen," "The Red Acoons," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER V.

"UNDER WHICH KING, BEZONIAN?"
"Vell, vich way are you going to travel, Mister Ducky?" asked Hirschmyer, as he followed Jasmin out of the breakfast room.

"I guess I'll make my way across the State to Trigg County," answered the Ohioan. "Jane—that's my wife—has a brother living over on the Cumberland River—he's in the iron works there, and it would never do for me to go back home without visiting him."

"Drizz Gouny is a long ways off," hazarded Hirschmyer.

"I know it, but that don't make no difference. It's in Kentucky, and I'm now in Kentucky. That's enough for Jane to know. I might in time succeed in making her understand that the State of Kentucky being over 600 miles long, many of the places in it are rather widely separated from each other, but I guess it'll be easier and better for me to go to see her brother. A hundred miles of horseback riding is pleasanter work than holding an argument with Jane."

"Vell, I've got to go to pack to Lexington so quick as my horse will take me."

"What's your hurry?"

"De landolt dells me dat de Union men unt de Seceshers had anudder pig row der am gester—lots of loud talk unt swearing, unt vun man shot in de shoulder."

"I should think that would make Lexington a good place for a peaceably-inclined man to keep away from."

"Villicht. But pizness is pizness. De'll vant about two hundred refellers dere, right ayt at once, unt der'll look to me for dem. I must git dere to-day, or mein bruter will be aht off der, unt vork off on der some off dem vorlless gendemat bistols dat he bicked up in Europe for noddings apiece."

"Your brother wouldn't do that, would he?"

"I'm awful sorry to say it, but mein bruter ist nicht honest als Ich bin. Beople dat know us are alvays vundering how dere can pe such a difference between two brnters. I gif every man dat deals mit me goot, straight goods, but mein bruter only gares to ket holt off his money—he gares nothing vat he gifts back agin. So people dat knows us alvays sheaks off me als Honest Ike, but der galls mein bruter 'Dat tant Sheeny.' It's too pad dat vun's own bruter should pe such a secountr. You haf no idee how hart I've vorked to train up Solomon to pe just such a man als Ich bin. Put it's no goot."

"It must be very sad."

"Vell, lebst du wohl—goot-pee. I hope I shall see you agin. Here, dake some off dis Gayanne bepper, unt keep de togs afay from your loke."

Myself and Grinstead made our way to the Cumberland River without further incident, and received a hearty welcome from My owner's brother-in-law, who succeeded in persuading us to remain under his roof for nearly two months.

In order to preserve the continuity of My narrative I must relate some events that occurred while My owner and Myself were idling through the lazy weeks in the rural solitudes of Trigg County.

Shortly after our departure from Sour-mash Jasmin was suddenly called to Paducah to act as bridesmaid for one of the several scores of young ladies who had been her "dearest, truest, sweetest friend and roommate at school," and whose nuptials had to come off prematurely in order that her best young man might join Albert Sidney Johnston's army as her husband—a relation that the sweet young thing and her chosen one seemed to regard as of vastly higher importance than the world at large was prone to consider it. Wordly experience and the lack of family ties have made Me cynical, but still I must venture the assertion that the young man would have done quite as valuable service for the Southern Confederacy if the young lady had continued to be known by her maiden name as he did when he felt that he was doing battle as the head of a family. But possibly I may not understand these things in their true significance.

When Jasmin left home her father and the Majah were still sharing with their neighbors the then fashionable position upon the political fence known as "Kentucky neutrality." Jasmin's mind took color from her father's political views, and no one talked more warmly than she of the wrong-headedness of "the extremists of both sections."

She entered a different atmosphere at Paducah. There all her set—all the wealth and social standing—were bitterly and aggressively Secession. The air was lurid and heavy with talk of devotion to, of daring and dying for, "Southern Rights." All the handsome, dashing fellows she met were either already members, or on the point of becoming such, of the mighty army which Albert Sidney Johnston was gathering to

"resist the invasion of our sacred soil."

Almost daily were the departures of these youths for Fort Donelson or Bowling Green, where Johnston had his headquarters, and these events were made as dramatic as a romance-loving people, who had been nursed on Sir Walter Scott and weaned on G. P. R. James, could make them. The embryo warriors were away the colors of their "lady-loves," and the aforesaid lady-loves ostentatiously posed as

The maid who binds her warrior's sash.

With smile that well her four disemboles.

The girl who had not a lover under the

Stars and Bars, the land of flowers."

or knight-errantry, was in as had form as she

who were a last year's bonnet. "All the

people of blood and quality" were on the

side of the rebellion, and the Union was

mainly represented by a band of unpren-

tensions and unpicturesque blue-coats, which

had been led into the city a short time

previous by a tanner's clerk named U. S. Grant.

Sympathetic, impressionable Jasmin was

carried away by the current which swept

around her.

It may have been purely an accident, but

the chair she took was much nearer the sofa

than the one she had originally left, and

being diagonally across the cabin commanded

an excellent view of the head and shoulders

of the man on the sofa. On the other hand,

he could not see her. By-and-by, when she

had occasion to put another thread in her

needle, she had arrived at the conclusion that

it would be much more rational for her to

determine whether he really were Charles

Barnard. She raised her eyes and deliberately

scanned his face. Though the once

cleanly-shaven jaws were now covered with

a stubby beard, and the complexion of her

service were shown in the long, uneven hair,

there was no mistaking the strong, clear-cut

features. As she looked he seemed rent with

a spasm of pain; he set his teeth hard and

pressed his hand upon his breast. All the

gentler instincts of a generous-hearted

woman rose within her in a demand that

she go to his side and do what she could to

alleviate his sufferings.

"He seems in great pain," she said, tenta-

tively, to the portly matron.

Likely," answered the dame, with fat

indifference. "But it's no more than a judi-

cious man on him for what he's made others suffer.

I'd like to scold every man that wears the

blue, so I would."

Jasmin felt that if she looked more she

could not restrain her impulses, so she rose

and hastily retreated to her room. She had

been there but a short time before her at-

tention was attracted by the confused hum

of voices and sound of hurrying feet in the

cabin. She looked out, and saw a little

group collected around the sofa.

"What is the matter?" she asked, when

she had hurried thither.

"He has fainted," answered a man

who was fumbling around Barnard's wrist

in search of his pulse.

"I've had much experience with sick

people; let me try, please," said Jasmin,

taking hold of Barnard's wrist.

After a touch she came back to the

wounded man's cheek; he opened his

eyes and looked full upon her. For a brief

instant he seemed dazed by what he saw; then

his numbed senses rallied, and a glad smile

swept over his wan face. Jasmin's face

crimsoned; she dropped his wrist, and moved

hurriedly away, followed by Barnard's eager

eyes until she was hidden by the interven-

ing form of the portly matron.

She was seen in the cabin no more that

day.

Hours of reflection in the solitude of her

room changed radically her color in her

mental horizon. "I may as well do what I

can for him," she compromised with herself

the next morning as she was dressing. It

will only be for a few hours at longest, for

the boat will reach Cincinnati some time to-

night. No harm can come of it in that time,

and it seems cruel to bear spite against a man

who is swiftly slipping into the grave." Too

much of a woman to undervalue the effect

of her personal appearance at any time, she

dressed herself with unusual care, and when

she emerged from her state-room a murmur

of admiration ran down the double line of

people breakfasting at the long table which

was tiered through the cabin, and beef-

steak and coffee cooled while they looked

admiringly at the high-bred beauty of her

face and her form's supple grace.

When the meal was over and the cabin

cleared of the table, she walked forward to

where she saw Barnard lying on the sofa. A

night's rest in a comfortable berth, good food

and attention, had been very effective in

bringing back luster and color to eye and

cheek, and the ministrations of the boat's

barber had wrought a great improvement in

his personal appearance.

The look of gladness that came into his

face as he saw Jasmin approaching, made

whatever of chill reserve that remained in

her mind feel like hoar-frost under an April

sun.

She took his hand cordially in her strong,

soft fingers as she said to him, "This is a

most unexpected meeting, Mr. Barnard."

It is, indeed. I've been so often disap-

pointed in my expectations of going where

you were, and of meeting you, that hope

long deferred at last turned into genuine

heart-sickness."

She parried this direct approach to the

sentimental with:

"You look as if you were feeling much

better this morning than last night."

For once, then, my face reports my feel-

ings accurately. I am feeling much better.

I am an instance of the recuperative powers

of civilization. I did not imagine that there

was such tonic in clean linen, and balm in a

good bed."

And yet, how many people die in bed

every year," she answered, dryly.

"That dear old minstrel joke," he replied,

with an affection of emotion; "how I've

loved it from my youth up!" Then suddenly

changing his tone: "I had no conception

that the State of Kentucky is as large as it

appears to be. It seems to me that since

we've been in it we've marched the distance

of around the globe, and yet we never ap-

peared to get anywhere near Jessamine

County."

She would parry no more, but nip his

budding confidence with a frosty chill.

"Going into the Lincoln army was hardly

the best way to cultivate the society of your

Kentucky friends, Mr. Barnard."

Barnard opened his large, hazel eyes a

little wider and gazed at her with a half-

amused smile:

"Would my chances have been any better,

Miss Oldie, if I had joined the reb—"

Jasmin gave one of those swift, graceful

turns of her head in which there was so

much hauteur. "I beg your pardon, I mean

the Confederate army?"

"How can you ask such a question? Our

friends are naturally much closer to us than

our enemies."

"To us, Miss Oldie? I didn't think you

sympathized with the Secessionists. I sup-

posed you and yours were still gracefully

balanced on the neutrality fence."

"Mr. Barnard," Jasmin's tones were so

icy as to suggest chilliness. "You are dis-

posed to be sarcastic. I hardly expected this

from you."

"Pardon me, and don't go," he said plead-

ingly, as he placed a detaching hand upon

her arm. "I assure you, I didn't mean to

be offensive. Don't go. I can't tell you how

glad I am to see you, and how much good it

does me to have you sitting there. The

very sight of you revives me like an elixir."

She made a deprecating gesture, but it did

not restrain him.

"I have longed to see you more than I can

tell you. For that reason I maneuvered to

get our regiment ordered to Kentucky in-

stead of to the Army of the Potomac. If

I had not been sent here I should have resigned

and joined some regiment that was ordered

hither."

For a moment she seemed touched, and

then her eyes hardened again. "I can't

understand," she said, with edged accents,

"why, if you wanted to see me, you went

into a Lincoln regiment at all. There was

a chance for you to go into the army, and

went back to Ohio to get into the

Yankee army. How can you expect me to

be friendly with you when you did such a

thing, and when you are fighting my friends

and trying to rob us of our property?"

"What has made such a change in your

feelings? You didn't use to talk this way."

You were then equally friendly to both

sides. You said that your kinsmen and

friends were evenly divided, and you could

not favor one before the other, because you

liked me just as well as the other."

That was before he decided to take the

commission as Colonel which the Southern

Government offered him, and before you

people had insulted us by invading our dear

old Kentucky with a horde of low, bad men

that you gathered up in the slums of your

great border cities. I'm a Southern girl, but

for anything else, and I'll always be true

to my own people, if I die for it."

Barnard had the fine contempt of the ordi-

nary young man for a woman's political

opinion, but he had expected something

better from the daughter of the farmer who

was forever on the lips of the Kentucky

women who sympathized with the rebellion.

Jasmin's quick eyes read this in the smile

and the look upon his face, and instantly

grew angry. You talk of what you didn't

expect of me, and then you say that I'm

the one that is disappointed. I never could

have expected that you, who have tasted

the hospitality of our people, and received

kindnesses at their hands, should, at the first

opportunity, rush off to the North to join

their arms, and then shamelessly seek to

be among—even to lead—the very men who

were to invade and destroy the homes which

had sheltered you."

She became more excited every instant,

and all the bitter invectives she had be-

come familiar with in Paducah leaped to

her lips without restraint to their applica-

bility to the dazed man upon whom she was

showing them.

"I did not expect this—I could not have

expected it," she stammered. "I had only known

Southern gentlemen, who are loyal to their

country, and who would rather die than

betray or leave those with whom

they had eaten bread and salt. You were

the first Northerner I had ever known. How

was I to expect that you would do what

they would even seem to imagine?"

"I don't know," gasped Barnard, but before

he could utter another word that young

lady was a long way down the cabin, and in

another instant her door, closing with a dis-

tinct snap, had shut her from his view.

He lay back, wearily, on the sofa, and

tried to think how